

*This is quite true
of the "Bacon Old Bank"
"William's"*

5.129

THE POOR OF OLD ENGLAND.

A TRUE STORY,
with a Lesson.

A banker started a business,
some six score years ago.
His capital was but little,
But soon it began to grow.

For over the banking counter
The people were paying in,
The banker meanwhile was making
A Ten Per Cent. of the Tin.

And soon you might see a Castle,
Out in the country built.
Park round it, and noble gateway,
With the railings golden gilt.

He died worth a heap of money,
Then others who filled his place
Soon piled up their goodly fortunes,
Shrewd men of the banking race.

And only the truth I am telling,
That half of the County land
Has passed in the Six Score Years,
Mortgaged, sold through that Old Bank's hand

But who is the poor man's banker,
There is no one to work for him!
"It is his own doing," say some folk,
Whether he fall, sink, or may swim.

Suppose we begin to-morrow
To open an old age bank,
In a hundred years I reckon,
Few paupers would be "on the rank."

Come set the stone a-rolling,
Give it a friendly toss.
Here, there, and in many places,
'Tis sure to gather moss.

But if we make no beginning
Nought will there be in the end,
And for the old folk the workhouse
Must still be their only friend.

To-night, when our dear Old Reynolds,
Is toasted in three times three,
Let's think of the Poor of Old England,
And strive that they shall be free!

REYNOLDS' Jubilee Day, 1900

JOHN LLOYD.

X205255182